

# Good 585 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## HOME TOWNS' TRIP With BARNEY BEDFORD

CARE to come on another home town trip, you under-sea sailors? I'm going a little further afield this time—but hop on the wagon and see if there's anything to interest you in my travels. Let's start off from—

**PONTEFRACT (YORKS).** Remember this old fortress town, with the Castle that was despoiled during the Civil War? They've got some bright ideas in this little burg—to teach manners to the Bevin Boys. Now, I'm not starting any arguments by saying that these lads need to be taught etiquette, but the fact remains—the Miners' Welfare Club there runs weekly classes in etiquette, and they're well patronised, too.

The lads learn such tips as how to escort a lady to a theatre, what to do with which knife and fork when confronted by a damed regiment of them at some swank dinner-table, and the correct way to invite a lady to dance.

You know the sort of thing—instead of saying "Snap out of it, sister, and come and wobble your torso to this jumpin' jive," the etiquette class gives you the proper low-down. "May I have the pleasure of this dance?"

Move along there, please, to the next port of call.

**HUDDERSFIELD.** Had a chin-wag with Million Dollar Legs Maisie, the girl whose stems have done more for the war effort than la Grable's. No, Maisie doesn't display 'em as a morale-booster. She shows 'em to the boys as a National Savings fillip—and don't get me wrong!! Maisie is an employee of David Brown and Sons, world-famed gearmakers.

Her shapely legs have been photographed full size, stuck on the nattiest poster I've seen, and plastered all over the works. Result—weekly savings have increased from £100 to £700.

Maisie's identity is a close secret, lads, so please don't write to me and ask for the name and address of Britain's Leg Lovely No. 1.

A little bit of a journey from Huddersfield, but it's worth while.

**STOKE-ON-TRENT.** Here we are in the grimy Potteries. And when I say grimy, I mean it. However, the folks in this part of the world have hearts as big as the kilns in which they bake their pots. I should know, because I spent quite a few weeks in their company.

Stayed at the George, Burslem's swankiest hotel, which compares favourably with some of the hydros I've visited at seaside places.

But the main object of my visit wasn't to sample the hotels, but to find out about the splendid idea they have about paying tribute to you blokes in this part of the world.

Instead of building you bronze statues and a lot of rubbish like that, the Stoke-on-Trent Corporation have decided that they'll give you and your wives the best maternity service of any town in Britain. And they're not waiting until the war is over to get on with the job. They have a flying-squad of nurses to save the lives of prematurely born babies, and their long-term policy has resulted in the infant mortality rate being reduced in five years from 82 to 49 per thousand.

So you Stoke-on-Trent wal-lahs who are likely to become fathers at any time can take comfort from these figures!

**STOCKPORT.** Most unusual Town Hall here, blokes. The Town Hall is largely built of marble, and something—must be Manchester weather moving over—has played some queer tricks with this stuff. Nobody knows how, but pictures of odds and ends have a mystifying way of appearing on the marble.

Up to now, the collection includes a duck, a penguin, George Bernard Shaw and the Devil. I didn't link the last two together on purpose, so don't write to G. B. S. and tell him of the coincidence.

Also in this little burg is the Cabbage Patch Express, run and maintained by engineer Jimmy Haughton.

Jimmy has built the railway and track himself, and runs it round his allotment every night for the benefit of Servicemen's kiddies. If you come from that way, give this bloke a big hand.

**SOUTHPORT.** Council houses for eight bob a week here, lads, when the spot of bother is over and you get back to Civvy Street. More unusual than the low rent is the fact that they are to be built "in conformity with the residential houses in the town." That is what the Town Clerk told me, so you should be on a good thing. Last call to-day is at—

**THORNLEY (COUNTY DURHAM).** The Thornley Parish Council were debating a letter from the Ministry of Health the other week, telling them that they had to close their wartime nursery.

Halfway through the debate, one of the members dashed in shouting "The chairman's given birth to twins!"

And it was true. In case you're labouring under any delusions, the chairman is Thornley's first woman to hold this office—Mrs. Jane Anderson, the wife of a colliery joiner.

**BARNEY BEDFORD.**

PERHAPS there's no contrast in the world stranger than the famous prehistoric remains at Avebury, in Wiltshire, and the strings of elegant race-horses you'll see there from the famous Beckhampton stables.

This reminds me about a joke that Fred Darling, the Beckhampton trainer, is probably older than the monuments. For, amazing though it seems, the dapper, crisp-voiced man who is handling such 1945 classic hopes as Loretto and Desert Sun, trained his first Derby winner nearly a quarter of a century ago, and yet still topped the lists last year as the south's best trainer!

He has trained no less than seven Derby winners.

There was Lord Woolavington's Captain Cuttle, Mr. Morris's Manna, and Lord Woolavington's wonderful Coronach the following year. Then there was Cameronian, and the amazing 20-1 drama of Bois Roussel only a year before the war.

I shall never forget my astonishment on hearing, a few weeks before the Derby, that Mr. Peter Beatty had bought Bois Roussel from a Paris theatre owner for no less than £8,000. The Derby nomination seemed to have been a pure fluke; French horses have a poor Epsom record, and the colt had run only once before in his life.

When the task of training a Derby winner in barely four weeks had to be faced, Beatty could not have chosen a better man than Fred Darling.

**Beckhampton was alive with spies and snoopers in those few weeks, and this, together with the fancy purchase price, caused Bois Roussel to be the best-backed outsider of any Derby.**

Yet, halfway through the race, even Charlie Elliott, the jockey, would have laid 1,000 to 1 against a win.

So he told me afterwards. At one time sixteen or seventeen horses were bunched ahead. Two touches with a

SECRET OF THE STABLES BY R. A. KEMP



Fred Darling

whip at Tattenham Corner did the trick!

Beatty evened up on the colt's cost and training at one stroke by gaining a prize of £9,228—and he had a horse worth £100,000.

**START OF A RUMOUR.**

Many people, of course, couldn't believe it. Sensational rumours began to circulate that Bois Roussel was a four-year-old—all because someone had had the temerity to face Darling with the question, and the trainer had logically answered "Of course!" not believing anyone could be so dumb. Needless to say, the rumour was absolute nonsense.

If Beckhampton's walls could speak, what a tale they could tell.

**Captain Cuttle, for instance, was found to be walking lame on the very day of the 1922 Derby.**

He was the great hope of the

plate badly. It was, of course, immediately replaced by the farrier in attendance, but Darling had already had knee trouble with the animal.

Neither he nor Steve Donoghue could judge whether the lameness was a recurrence of this, or fresh trouble.

The swift decisions a trainer must

take were never better typified than in the swift ensuing discussions.

**DRAMA OF CAPT. CUTTLE.**

Should the stewards be asked for permission to withdraw the horse? In the end, the colt actually hobbled on to the a mile long.

Steve's genius was never better shown than in his handling of the cripple. He set 'im moving instead of the usual meander to the 1½-mile post.

The foot toughened—and Captain Cuttle won.

But the trouble was so real and lasting that the Derby winner made only one more victorious reappearance on the course.

In Manna's case, too, an extra feather was undoubtedly added to Mr. Darling's cap. Mr. Morris merely wired to Darling at Doncaster, "Buy me a good horse on looks and breeding that may win us a classic race."

With these instructions in his pocket, Fred Darling piped up to 6,300 guineas for the horse he selected.

Aside from his twenty-three winners last season, it is in training the King's horses that this sturdy veteran has recently shown his mettle.

**IT MUST BE REMEMBERED THAT THE KING IS A COMPARATIVELY SMALL OWNER, AND THE WINNING OF THE CLASSICS IS NEVER SIMPLE FOR A SMALL OWNER.**

No less than seven Royal horses, for instance, were nominated by the 1938 Derby, but they did not get very far. And then Big Game and Sun Chariot were sent down to Beckhampton.

Was it the sheer luck of the Turf that they registered nine

victories as two-year-olds and that 1942 became a truly Royal progress?

The King made racing history, for instance, by winning the first three classic events of the season.

Sun Chariot won the One Thousand Guineas, and Big Game scooped the Two Thousand. At 4-1 on, when Sun Chariot won the Oaks, she was the hottest favourite on record.

I have never heard such cheering at Newmarket, and Sun Chariot was led back to the unsaddling enclosure through a lane of people half a mile long.

**EVEN GORDON RICHARDS, REPUTEDLY STRAIGHT-FACED FOR ANY RACE, WAS GRINNING.**

How he must have hoped to win the Derby with the unbeaten Big Game next day! Instead, Lord Derby's Watling Street, brilliantly ridden by Wragg, was first past the post in record time. I have never seen Fred Darling look so sad!

Big Game was obviously no stayer, although he subsequently made amends by winning the mile-and-quarter Champion Stakes at Newmarket.

Sun Chariot then won the St. Leger for his Majesty, and set him at the head of the table of winning owners. Sun Chariot plus the uncanny skill and good fortune of Fred Darling.

## ALEX CRACK

"I've forgotten what the other thing was I came for," said the small girl in the grocer's shop.

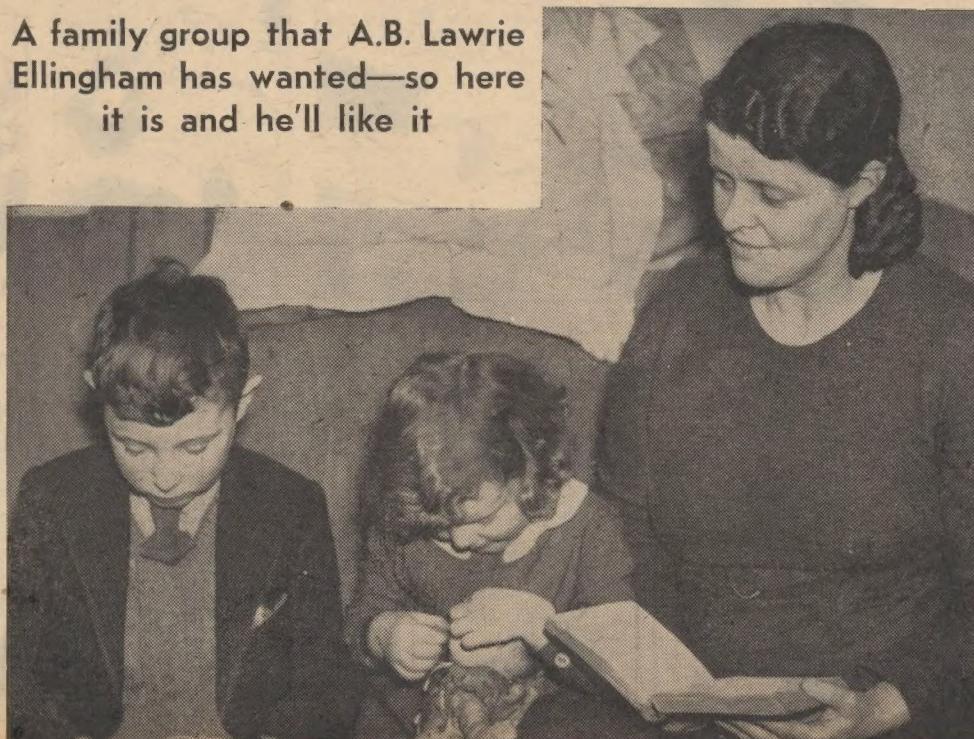
The grocer tried to be helpful.

"Was it cheese, bacon, butter, margarine, lard, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, jam, marmalade, biscuits, bottled fruit, chutney, piccalilli, bloater paste, potted meat, baking powder, soap, soda, spice, rice, tapioca, semolina, macaroni, currants, raisins—"

"I remember now. It was, can you tell me the right time?"

## PICTURE BY REQUEST for A.B. Lawrie Ellingham

A family group that A.B. Lawrie Ellingham has wanted—so here it is and he'll like it



HERE is the thing you've been come mechanically minded, and wanting. A.B. Ellingham, ever since you joined the Forces—a family picture. We're sorry Dad isn't on as well, but he was at work when we called at 8 Henley Street, Bramley, near Leeds.

Your mother told us that you hadn't any pictures of them at all, so the photographer got busy. Leslie fought shy of the camera at first, and refused point blank to be "taken," but he finally consented when he knew it was for his big brother in a submarine.

We were told, Lawrie, that you found it too hot out there, but your family find it just the opposite at home, at the top of that hill, especially when it's snowing and blowing a gale like it was when we called! Leslie came in from school looking like a snowman, and said he hoped it would snow for days, but Mum and Janet just shivered! Feel any cooler now?

Janet and Leslie have been having a good time lately, going to parties, and they chatter excitedly about the ice cream they had, and the presents Santa Claus gave them. Leslie has be-

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Continuing THE WORLD AND THE DOOR By O. HENRY

# Can a Murderer and a Husband-Poisoner be Soul Mates?

"I beg your pardon, Florence," he said, releasing her hand; "but I'll have to hedge on part of what I said. I can't ask you to marry me, of course. I killed a man in New York—a man who was my friend—shot him down—in quite a cowardly manner, I understand. Of course, the drinking didn't excuse it. Well, I he stared at her blankly, like a couldn't resist having my say; deaf-and-dumb man who was and I'll always mean it. I'm here wondering what it was all about. as a fugitive from justice, and—I suppose that ends our acquaintance."

Mrs. Conant plucked little leaves assiduously from the low-hanging branch of a lime tree.

"I suppose so," she said, in low and oddly uneven tones; "but that depends upon you. I'll be as honest as you were. I poisoned my husband. I am a self-made widow. A man cannot love a murderer. So I

suppose that ends our acquaintance."

She looked up at him slowly. His face turned a little pale, and he couldn't resist having my say; deaf-and-dumb man who was and I'll always mean it. I'm here wondering what it was all about. as a fugitive from justice, and—I suppose that ends our acquaintance."

She took a swift step toward him, with stiffened arms and eyes blazing.

"Don't look at me like that!" she cried, as though she were in acute pain. "Curse me, or turn to bed a hot punch made of rum your back on me, but don't look and wine. Only from my fair hands would he receive it—because he knew the fumes of

would have risen and struck the fiend down.

"Yes, I killed him. The foul and horrible words that he hurled at me that last day are repeated in my ears every night when I sleep. And then came his blows, and the end of my endurance. I got the poison that afternoon.

"It was his custom to drink every night in the library before going to bed a hot punch made of rum lights' smoke that's in all of us. Stir the depths of your cook's only half as dense instead of darker. hotel. They were very happy. Merriam so suddenly that he had to phosphate clerk a pale lilac with plans. Their joint capital would set up a business in fruit or woods envy.

"Ralph," she interrupted, almost with a scream, "be my world!"

Her eyes melted; she relaxed magnificently and swayed toward him, so suddenly that he had to phosphate clerk a pale lilac with plans. Their joint capital would

were very happy. He announced their engagement at the Hotel Orilla del Mar. Eight foreigners moment that was possible. and four native Astors pounded on a little plateau under a grove of palms and calabash trees they were going to build a

Pedrito, the Castilian-man-fairy bungalow. They were to be married in two months. Many barkeep, was goaded to married in two months. Many extra duty until his agility would hours of the day they had their magnificently and swayed toward have turned a Boston cherry-heads together over the house Merriam so suddenly that he had to phosphate clerk a pale lilac with plans. Their joint capital would set up a business in fruit or woods envy.

Dear me! in such scenes how the talk runs into artificial prose. According to the strange mathe-matics of the god of mutual affinity, the shadows that clouded say Mrs. Conant every evening their pasts when united became when Merriam left her for his soul sufficiently and she will dis-course, in Bulwer-Lyttonese.

**Merriam and Mrs. Conant**

were both very happy. that would yield a comfortable support. "Good night, my world," would stir the depths of your cook's only half as dense instead of darker. hotel. They were very happy. Their love had, circumstantially, the doors. Each was the other's that element of melancholy in it world. Mrs. Conant lived again that it seems to require to attain its supremest elevation. And it seemed that their mutual great misfortune or sin was a bond that nothing could sever.

One day a steamer hove in the offing. Bare-legged and bare-shouldered La Paz scampered down to the beach, for the arrival of a steamer was their loop-the-loop, circus, Emancipation Day and four-o'clock tea.

When the steamer was near enough, wise ones proclaimed that she was the Pajaro, bound up-coast from Callao to Panama.

The Pajaro put on brakes a miles off shore. Soon a boat came bobbing shoreward. Merriam strolled down on the beach to look on. In the shallow water the Carib sailors sprang out and dragged the boat with a mighty rush to the firm shingle. Out climbed the purser, the captain

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

**Answers to Quiz in No. 584**

1. A toison is a reptile, steel rope, fleece of wool, peal of bells, war-cry?
2. What part of America did Napoleon sell to U.S.A. for about 5½ million pounds?
3. How many States are there in the U.S.S.R.
4. What country is closed to private traders?
5. What and where are the "Bad Lands"?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Winkle, Cockle, Shrimp, Mussel, Scallop, Oyster.
7. False curl.
8. Napoleon.
9. Winter cherry, or Chinese lantern.
10. "Jesus wept," John 11:35.
11. The scientific principle of rejecting unnecessary complexity in a theory.
12. Wife is not a blood-relation; others are.



"Exactly what DID you say to the Flagship?"

## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## I get around

**RON RICHARDS'**

**COLUMN**

BRITISH railways promise, in an official announcement, that after the war they will restore cheap fares, seat reservations, restaurant cars and sleepers, scrap the old rolling stock, brighten their premises, and relay their tracks to take the fastest expresses.

"Every modern facility and technical development will be utilised to give the public the world's finest railway service," they say.

The great clean-up will start with the trains, the stations, the signals, and everything that can be brightened with paint. Long-term orders for new carriages and engines have been prepared.

The carriages will have bright colours—the word "bright" occurs again and again in the programme; apparently the railways have lost their love for the old brown paint—and new fabrics, plastics, and other new materials will be used.



TRACKS will be laid to take 80-mile-an-hour trains. Electrification plans will be resumed, and hundreds of stations rebuilt.

The high priorities are the restoration of holiday tickets and excursion arrangements, newspaper and mail trains, long-distance business expresses, residential services, and seaside trains.

As the express carriages come into use, the speed of the expresses will be stepped up.

Traders are promised an early restart of the fast goods services, and after that comes an improvement of the branch line goods services.

New ships and boat trains, and better docks and railway hotels, are in the programme.

Bigger and brighter prospects for the shareholders?



THE reason a lot of fellows are still bachelors is because they fail to embrace their opportunities.

# WANGLING WORDS—524

(Continued from Page 2)  
and two passengers, ploughing their way through the deep sand toward the hotel. Merriam glanced toward them with the mild interest due to strangers. There was something familiar del Mar.

1. Fill in the missing letters and make a common word: N\*T\*I\*H\*T\*N\*I\*G.

2. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: COLD into WARM, and COAL into FIRE.

3. What English county town has CES for the exact middle of its name?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 523

1. NEVERTHELESS.

2. HIND, bind, bond, bone, bore, FORE; SOAP, soup, soul, foul, fowl, BOWL.

3. PlyMouth.

4. Dusty study.

# JANE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



joined him. His eye was strangely bright.

"Bibb, my boy," said he, slowly waving his hand, "do you see those mountains and that sea and sky and sunshine?—they're mine—Bibby—all mine."

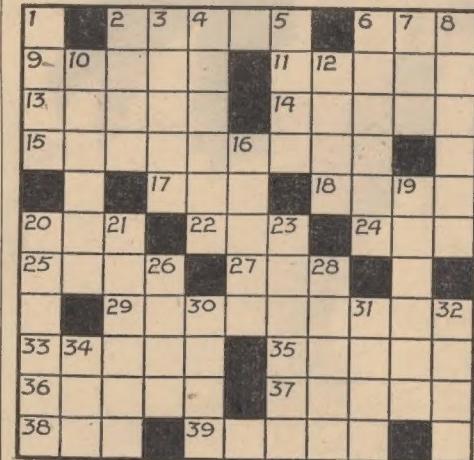
Tio Pancho, the hotel proprietor, set his great silver-rimmed anteojos upon his nose and divided the papers into a number of smaller rolls. A barefooted muchacho dashed in, desiring the post of messenger.

"Bien venido," said Tio Pancho. "This to Senora Conant; that to el Doctor S-S-Schlegel-Dios! what a name to say!—that to Senor Davis—one for Don Alberto. These two for the Casa de Huespedes, Numero 6, en la calle de las Buenas Gracias. And say to them all, muchacho, that the Pajaro sails for Panama at three this afternoon. If any have letters to send by the post, let them come quickly, that they may first pass through the correo."

(More to-morrow)

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



- 2 Young animals.
- 6 Inferior.
- 9 Over.
- 11 African ruminant.
- 13 Tooth.
- 14 Openings.
- 15 Instruct.
- 17 Shelter.
- 18 Wooden clips.
- 20 Curtsy.
- 22 Barrier.
- 24 Eggs.
- 25 Burden.
- 27 Tun.
- 29 Frees.
- 33 Middle of barrel.
- 35 Trumper forth.
- 36 Sphere of action.
- 37 Girl's name.
- 38 Still.
- 39 Staffordshire river.

CHEF	COLONS	LAX	WAVER	W
ORAL	PETITE	ORAL	PETITE	W
ADMIRER	GAP	K	MISPRINT	
PAID	LENS	MISPRINT	PAID	LENS
CONTINUE	A	PAID	LENS	CONTINUE
URN	CASKETS	LENS	PAID	URN
PEANUT	SLOP	CASKETS	PAID	PEANUT
LILAC	SUE	SLOP	LILAC	SUE
DISPEL	FERN		DISPEL	FERN

- 1 Reputation.
- 2 Sit lazily.
- 3 Benefit.
- 4 Absorbed.
- 5 Plastic.
- 6 Flag.
- 7 Liable.
- 8 Desuetude.
- 10 Sweet.
- 12 Retain.
- 16 Lift.
- 19 Rule.
- 20 Indian Province.
- 21 Missile.
- 23 Hard stone.
- 26 Token.
- 28 Claw.
- 30 Sentry's round.
- 31 Acid.
- 32 Marine mammal.
- 34 Anger.

## PHIZ QUIZ

"Here's to the next time," he says on leaving—and millions have heard him say it.

(Answer to-morrow)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 584: Jack Dempsey.



## HOME TOWN NEWS

### TIGER BAY TAVERNER.

BOB DOWNEY is dead. Known throughout the country at all sorts of sporting engagements, Bob was a familiar figure in Cardiff with his wooden crutch. For fifty years he was the doyen of Welsh sportsmen.

One time he kept a tavern in notorious Tiger Bay, tough dockland quarter, where fights were as common as tankards. But Bob, tough and hefty, was always able to keep order with his fists or his crutch.

A big money backer was Bob. He often handed hundreds to pals to "put on" for him at sports tourneys. In racing, boxing, running or trotting gatherings he was always at home.

He never smoked nor drank, could neither read nor write, yet he knew all the answers.

His greatest passion was boxing. Many stars of the past learnt their first steps in ringcraft from him. They included the famous Jimmy Driscoll, Boyo Driscoll, Bobbie Dobbs, Alf Craig, Alf. Mansfield, Badger Brian and Joe White.

### AIRMAN AT 75.

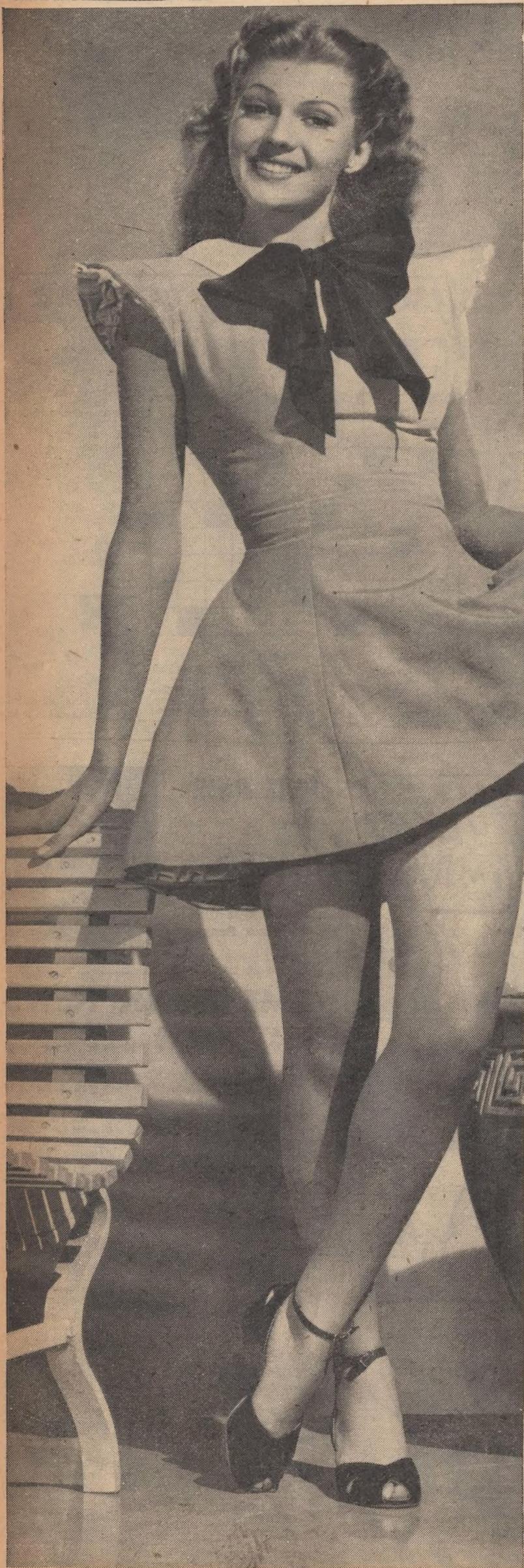
WILLIAM THOMAS BEAVAN, Cardiff's oldest magistrate, who has died, aged 82, was the oldest flier in the country. A son of a former Mayor of Cardiff, he was a keen airman for forty years, and when 72 flew around the country rousing boys to the need to become air-minded.

He was a member of Cardiff Aeroplane Club, and at 73 went up in a stunt plane to entertain crowds waiting for London-Cardiff air race to pass over the city.

When well over 70 he put in an entry in an essay competition, the subject being, "Why I want to fly." It was meant to be a contest for boys, but this game old dad had a shot at it. For many years he dispensed justice with great mercy at Cardiff courts.

# Good Morning

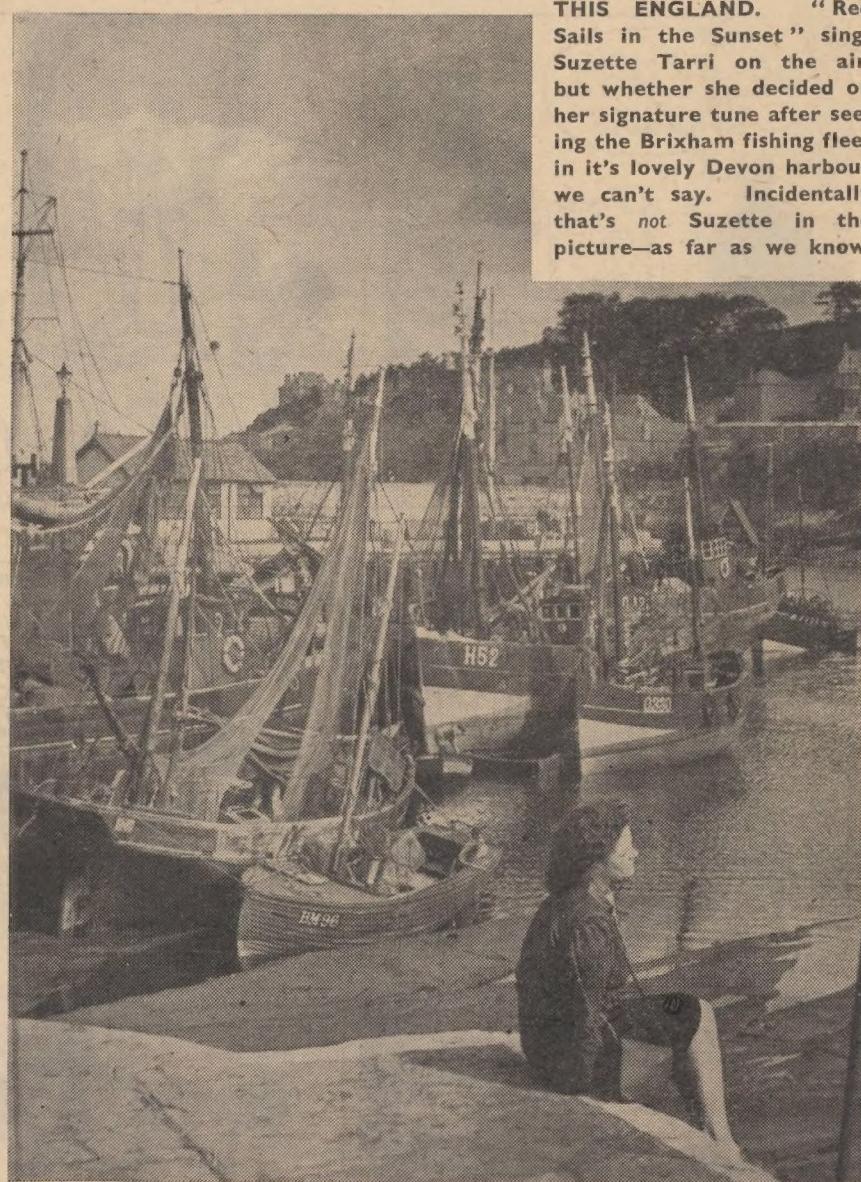
Columbia insists Rita Hayworth is portraying a London chorine, but we think she must be playing lead in "The Naughtiest Girl at St. Winifred's."



**SHOW A LEG THERE!** When the Royal Canadian Navy show "Meet the Navy" gave a performance on board a Canadian warship, the artists were shown over the ship. Wren chorus girl, Frances Conely, must be about the prettiest thing that ever bulged a hammock—in the opinion of these seamen and ours, too.



We thought the lady was portraying "Dick Whittington," but she insists she's the naughtiest girl in the chorus at the old Empire.



"Well, that's the silliest trick I've seen a cat do yet. I mean, it's just pointless."

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Well, twitch my whiskers! Did you hear that?"

